

# Taming The Lion: 1 Peter 5:8

## CHAPTER 4

### IN THE WORLD YE SHALL HAVE TRIBULATION

In the Old Testament God watched over His creation and His focus was on men. He created the universe for His children and was hoping Adam would tend to the earth and make it fruitful. Instead of taking the responsibility, Adam became subject to his woman, who was beguiled by the serpent. The serpent had told her that she could become a god if she disobeyed God's request (see Genesis 3:14). Adam transferred his birthright (his inheritance, his dominion) and authority as God's son to Satan and became subject to Lucifer. God is still in control of this universe and earth with everything in it and on it. He created it keeping every possibility in mind.

The principality of Satan is active from the astral realm, a lower dimension in relation to God (see Ephesians 1:20-23). Satan and his angels left heaven according to Scripture (Luke 10:18). The fallen angels are now demonic spirits. They had been in heaven for the sole purpose of entertaining and serving God and His creation. During Satan's presence in heaven Satan became competitive. He wanted to be equal to God. Since angels were created to help human beings they also have other attributes of which we know little. Fallen angels have the same functions but they help enlarge the sin factor in a person's life that is spiritually destructive. Under their influence persons think they are receiving blessings from God when in reality the advantages come from a different realm. The result is people begin to serve the lower spiritual realm. Instead of serving the Spirit of God, they serve the devil. Directed by Satan whose goal still is to overthrow God, they mean to win even though the contrary is prophesied in the Word of God.

The Holy Spirit is contending for our souls and Satan's goal is to derail that effort at all cost. They are principalities at war with each other. In our physical realm we think the war is probably over numbers of subjects, not so. God is looking for fruit developed by the Holy Spirit in subjects that fit into His kingdom. Human beings cannot produce that fruit without the Holy Spirit. The prime fruit is love toward the 'Triune God' and that is the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, who are considered to be One God in three persons. The first fruit is unconditional love so focused on God it will transcend everything presented to us. The second fruit is love toward God's creation: including men, women and children and all creation.

Adam put his woman on a pedestal higher than God and by doing that, became subject to demonic spirits instead of the Holy Spirit. Originally God's goal was that He [God] and Adam and would become partners. When God saw that Adam was lonely He made Eve from Adam's rib to be included in that partnership. God planned for man and woman to be coupled with the Holy Spirit and connected to God Himself. One can think of it as a rope of three strands like an umbilical cord connected to God

## Taming The Lion: 1 Peter 5:8

instead of the mother's womb. When this combination does not exist in a marriage, it often does not survive. The survival of a marriage is dependent on unconditional love. Without the Holy Spirit who empowers us, we cannot practice unconditional love. Jesus gathered apostles and told them to go out in pairs. This is also why He told us to fellowship with other Christians. Jesus said: *"For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."* Matthew 18:20

Although Adam and Eve disobeyed and God placed a curse over their lives, the potential for their offspring, meaning us, to regain their position under God is still available. It is reachable through faith in Christ Jesus, and knowledge of the truth. Scripture states that the name of Jesus is the WORD OF GOD (Revelation 19:13), which is our only hope in getting back to our Father. The WORD is the blueprint for this creation and teaches how the Holy Spirit's teaching enables us to overcome the demonic forces.

To counteract the prophecy (the Word) and its continuous fulfillment, Satan has set up a counterfeit infrastructure of thousands of organizations. To provide a mechanism for potential Christians who are Satan's focus, many fellowships (churches) have an outward look of Christianity but do not teach Biblical truth. Deception by Satan covers the whole world according to the WORD; only those who have received the Holy Spirit (Spirit of Truth) can understand that Jesus Christ is God in the flesh. God came here personally to teach us how we can overcome death through His blood sacrifice.

The demonic spirits have permission from God to stick it to us every time we sin until we are dead. If we do not know God's plan, we die. Being born again means to live forever. The struggle with sin is comparable to struggling with a dragon. Without God, we lose because Satan has the power to overcome us. This is the reason God has sent Jesus His son to deliver us out of Satan's hand. We cannot do it without Him. The cost of our sin had to be paid in full by the blood of Christ Jesus. There was no other way the payment could be made. It had to be the blood of a man who was unspotted by sin.

Satan tempted Jesus Christ by offering him the whole world if he would bow down and worship Satan. He could not be tempted because he was God. We have the option as well when we receive God's Spirit, the Holy Spirit. Empowered by the Holy Spirit, we can overcome Satan and sin and death. What people don't understand is that the Bible doesn't teach religion. Christ Jesus did not come to condemn anyone. He purchased us and then gave us a choice. We do not have to accept it if we do not want to. If we do wish to become part of our Savior all we have to do is tell Him so and repent of our past. Repenting means to allow the Holy Spirit to guide our life from then on instead of our own spirit to overcome death.

Some people believe they will simply be buried in the ground, which is not the way it is. At death the spirit goes to a holding place until the thousand year Millennium is completed. There will be a resurrection for them and the Great White Throne judgment. Those snared by the devil will be thrown into the Lake of Fire with Satan and the False Prophet for eternity.

## Taming The Lion: 1 Peter 5:8

God teaches the least He wants from us is `yes' or `no'. He is a fair God and the responsibility to make that decision lies with us, not God. When it is `yes', he begins to work with our lives. Sooner or later we begin to discover the miracles He brings about and learn to trust him. He teaches from the Word how to overcome on all fronts of our lives. We learn to win by applying God's Word. This lifestyle works because it is based on absolutes. Every suggestion Jesus gave works because He is the creator. There is patience involved, but knowing that the teaching is true, enables one to have the patience. Incorporating suggestions from Jesus will ultimately bring victory. That knowledge in itself brings the enthusiasm and endurance necessary to carry the project through. Jesus really teaches how to win and I would not live without Him for that reason alone. The blessings built in are too many to be counted.

God lived on earth in the Old Testament under the protection of the Aaronic priesthood. He cannot look upon sin. Baal worship in His Temple made God leave the Aaronic priesthood. Humans have been deteriorating in holiness since Adam, to a point where God wanted to wipe out His whole creation. Because of one man who begged God to give us another chance, God had mercy. He is giving us a second chance. God came to us again in Jesus Christ's human body, who was God's only begotten Son.

Because Adam disobeyed, humans spiritually died. Their eternal connection to God died. God started another family in Christ Jesus. Jesus sent the Holy Spirit to earth after He went back to the Father. The Holy Spirit comes into people's hearts upon invitation only. The Holy Spirit is the Spirit of Truth, who helps us to see the light. He teaches and empowers us into the family of God and how to bring demonic forces under control through knowledge and prayer. The Holy Spirit led Jesus and empowered Him to do miracles. We can also be led by the Holy Spirit to help us maintain our lives daily. It is easy; all we have to do is say `yes' to Him. It makes the difference between operating in light or darkness. He coaches us to win in the long run and to overcome everything.

Men and women have a vacuum inside, a longing for love. They seek to fill it with the opposite sex, music, drugs, books, works, television, computers, material success and thousands of preoccupations to make the loneliness go away. That vacuum should be filled with the Holy Spirit. He then by invitation only, moves into this vacuum. Water Baptism by immersion usually follows this event to make the fact public that he or she married Christ Jesus. The life is sealed forever to God. The Holy Spirit in the vacuum (heart) feeds on the Word of God begins to seek after Scripture to fellowship with God and grows fruit for Him. Feeding on the Word gradually gains control over our life.

Application to daily life of the teachings of Christ Jesus is the only defense against Satan. The goal is to overcome death, sickness, evil spirits, poverty, depression and becoming part of the victory Jesus won for us on the cross. In overcoming we begin to realize a desire to get others out from under Satan's oppression and that is all there is to it. It is the most natural process and is life itself. Jesus Christ is God's seed. Man gave himself to Satan and became Satan's seed with the potential of a second chance: of becoming God's seed like Christ Jesus.

Satan's goal is to keep as many out of Heaven as possible. He doesn't function from a victorious level.

## Taming The Lion: 1 Peter 5:8

He is already defeated and still seeks to change his position. He seeks to influence us into violating God and keep the Holy Spirit away from us. The Holy Spirit cannot live in a vile environment no more than God can look upon sin.

Satan tempts us with worldly possessions, prestige, immoralities, or whatever a person finds pleasure in doing. Demonic spirits have access to the body of knowledge of this world. Through that knowledge they can produce the perfect coat, i.e. an organization that fits our need and looks authentic. Our habits are our greatest enemy. Taking control over our body, mastering it and moving it where we want it to be productive, is a prerequisite. To test Satan's power over our lives simply decide to read the Word daily and see what happens. Our body is at war with the spirit and will come up with many excuses why we don't have time to do this now.

*"For that which I do I allow not: for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I. If then I do that which I would not, I consent unto the law that it is good. Now then it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing: for to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do. Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. I find then a law, that, when I would do good, evil is present with me. For I delight in the law of God after the inward man: But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin."* Romans 7:15-25

The reward is stunning for studying the Bible. *"There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death. For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh."* Romans 8:1-3

Children raised without Christian upbringing in the home have a long difficult road to get Christian roots that are deep enough to reach into God's river. The wells are deep which means that we have to dig by working at it. Scripture is written so we can ultimately grasp it.

*"He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water."* John 7:38 Children inherit wells from their parents. In my case I had to start from scratch digging a well. With an environment of superstition, rituals, astrology, fortune telling, strict obedience, works, mixed with Luther's Catechism, an explanation of our Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, I was heading into a whirlwind of trouble. As Scripture describes here: *"That we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive;"* Ephesians 4:14

## Taming The Lion: 1 Peter 5:8

For too many years I was *"Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth."* 2 Timothy 3:7 Like waves breaking against a rock, Satan moves against us in a constant rhythm to wash our faith in God away. If our house is not built on the Rock, Jesus Christ, we end up floating down stream hitting every rock until we are shipwrecked. With a pure heart, hoping to help others to understand Satan's schemes against Christians, I want to warn with urgency there is more to Christianity than just going to church and listening to a few sermons. Satan is a deadly enemy. We need to heed Paul's warning: *"Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour: Whom resist stedfast in the faith, knowing that the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren that are in the world."* 1 Peter 5:8,9

Awareness that Jesus Christ was drawing me was always with me. When I sinned I knew it as well. Every decision I made had Christ in the middle of it, but in spite of that my road was extremely unusual for a Christian. Today I fully understand why it had to be and how dependable God was to pull me through it all. I was ready to leave this planet at a young age and would have, if I had my way. Because of God's constant intervention, He sustained me through today. So much was crammed into my life; it feels like I lived three lives.

When I share today, I was shy, blushed at the slightest hint, people don't believe it, nor do they believe that I have been ill with incurable diseases twice and that includes physicians. The cures I also attribute to God. I discovered the Bible is true by His personal teaching through the Holy Spirit. God taught me to trust Him and love Him unconditionally through living life and He released an awareness of His love for me over time. I learned by simply believing that He was walking with me, regardless of how desperate situations looked.

To build faith in God, I took on more than I could chew as a life style early on. I put myself in His hands and worked it out together and found it to be a wonderful adventure. God wants to teach us that with Him we can move mountains and are overcomers. This principle not only works for big ministries or missions, but for every day life. One grows in faith only through opposition. The experiences become larger as we stretch and grow and eventually become other-directed. God's goal is contained in Scripture: *"Master, which is the great commandment in the law? Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."* Matthew 22:36-40

Back to 1947 when I was confronted with leaving home at sixteen I jumped in not considering the consequences. After Germany's occupation by the English army, notifications came to American citizens that they needed to go back to the United States. That included my aunt who was a practicing astrologer from New York. Happy to go home to New York, she began her paperwork and stopped by one day to say goodbye. Suddenly, she said to me: "why don't you come with me?" That thought had never entered my mind. My future was all set in Germany. I had a fellow picked out to marry and was diligently working on a career. I did not feel a need for anything else.

## Taming The Lion: 1 Peter 5:8

To my surprise this comment intrigued me. Just like that my world turned upside down. I replied: "why not?" I turned to my mother who had talked about New York hundreds of times. She had told us about the five and ten cent stores and the movie houses on every corner. She longed to get back to the life she had known in Buffalo, New York. Unwittingly she agreed.

My mother regretted her consent the next day and wanted to change my mind, but it was too late. Taking her up on her first response, I told her, if she did not let me go, I would run away. Alone, I traveled to the big city and the Consul in Hamburg to get all the paperwork arranged. My parents did not lift a hand to help me. They hoped I would get frustrated and give it all up. Someone in New York needed to pay for the passage since German money became worthless after the war. My grandmother had a brother and family in Brooklyn. A letter went to him and his wife said: no, that I was too young to be coming over and would not be paying back what I owed. One more time, I tried and addressed it to my great-uncle. He broke down and took the risk and sent me a ticket.

The astrologer had sailed for New York. My excitement knew no bounds. I even got a whole new wardrobe. Part of our restaurant leased to a clothing manufacturer was to be confiscated by the soldiers. Rather than letting the soldiers take over that whole inventory of new clothes, they told us to go through everything and take what we wanted. I found a gorgeous camel hair sports coat and a couple of two-piece suits. God was so good. The whole town excited with me about my going to America. Next I got a visitor. A tall blond blue-eyed young man a few years older than myself, whom I barely knew, announced to me that he was planning to go with me. I said: "what? How could you be going to America, when you are not a citizen and have no way of getting a ticket nor a passport?" I laughingly dismissed it as a joke and forgot about it. There had been other young men who had tried to make a connection with me to get an opportunity to come to the United States.

Tearful goodbyes came and went. Beginning to realize what I was letting myself in for, leaving my beloved mother and father was a lot tougher than I had contemplated. Reality set in and I cried for days. Many nights were spent cuddling up on my mother's wonderful soft body. She was two hundred pounds. There was so much to hug. Coming through a war like we had fears of being killed were a constant companion, drew people very close. Someone had to take the place of my mother. Since God promised that he is with us, I placed myself into God's hands and learned to trust him from that point on.

In cattle cars we were shipped from Hamburg to Bremerhaven. Life had not returned to normal yet. Germany was a pile of rubble. The troopship we were assigned to looked enormous compared to the little rowboats on our shore. My stomach was a mass of butterflies. It was January 1947. We were to go on the high sea for two weeks with a stop in England and France. The waves seemed to be as high as mountains and the ship was rolling into one winter storm after another. Trying to stand in line for meals was difficult and dishes rolled down the long tables. There were no pills for seasickness.

Everything affected my stomach and I was flat on my back holding on to the bunk. Suddenly someone familiar appeared in the doorway grinning from ear to ear. Stunned and somewhat relieved to see someone I knew, I shouted: "What are you doing here?" He answered: "I told you, I was coming." He asked me if he could get me something out of the kitchen, I said: "I would like some sour herring and

## Taming The Lion: 1 Peter 5:8

black German bread." I don't know how he did it, but he found both. With his help, able to get up, I began to enjoy the ship and the ocean.

My newfound friend confessed that he was a stowaway and was working in the kitchen pretending to be a passenger volunteering his services as a passenger. That worked out for a while until one day they wanted to check all the passports. The name he adopted came over the speakers and my hair stood on end. How was he going to get through this one I thought. His knees were still knocking, when he told me that he had temporarily lifted a passenger's passport who looked like him and passed it on to the examiner who looked at it and accepted it. The passport was put back in the passenger's luggage. It never occurred to me to report him. Often I had experiences when I should have turned people in but it was not in my nature to cause more problems for people than they already had.

God had this case all worked out already without my help. Suddenly there was a major jolt in the ship, it felt like we had rammed into something. How could that happen with the absence of shorelines and nothing but water. The ship had hit an iceberg under water and the damage was on the front of the ship. We prayed all the way to New York on the lowest deck on the ship. The boat hobbled toward the Statue of Liberty. Welcoming tugboats eagerly, they pulled us into the New York Harbor. It suddenly hit me that my friend would again have major problems in getting off the ship. We quickly said goodbye till we meet again in New York.

The Statue of Liberty was a most welcome and magnificent sight. Hopes and expectations were mingled with euphoria of seeing dry land after fourteen days on the ocean. We had seen nothing but water and sky. In freezing cold we pondered the uncertainty of the future. The New York skyline with its one hundred and forty three story Empire State Building swaying in the wind and thousands of cars rushing along on the highways and bridges; I could not believe what I saw. All I was used to was Cobblestone streets with horses pulling wagons three, four times a day.

As I was receiving my luggage on the dock I glanced up at the ship to see if I could see my friend. I wanted to wave goodbye and there he was, pacing back and forth on board. He looked worried and in my mind was also a question mark, how was he going to get off the ship? Due to the war, security was extra tight. My relatives and the astrologer were waiting eagerly. They knew each other from years past. I was expecting to go with the woman I knew from home. She had invited me in Germany to join her. She apologized and stammered: "I can't put you up; I am employed as a housekeeper on an estate." Disappointed and slightly scared I had to accept my great aunt and uncle's offer to come with them.

As usual God had His own plans. With a big smile my aunt hugged me and encouraged me to come home with them to Brooklyn. Thank God, He keeps us as ignorant of our future as possible; I would have never taken another step. In the late nineteen forties, the United States, a republic, had an estimated population of 150 million people. It consisted of 3 million square miles of land (.5 square mile per person), only a little over twice the population of Germany. The difference in territory was extensive. Eighteen times larger than Germany had a considerable effect on one's sense of security.

## Taming The Lion: 1 Peter 5:8

People in Europe participated in the whole process of existence. Even in the cities they grew much of their own foods. Large areas around the cities reserved for gardening provided their sustenance. People peddled on bicycles to their gardens providing essentials. The climactical difference between Germany and the United States was of magnitude.

One of those typical Brooklyn flats near Flatbush Avenue was waiting for us. My uncle had a big car and off we went through the streets of Manhattan. While they were merrily chatting away at me, I was taking in the hustle and bustle of New York City and wondering how I was going to cope with all this. My English was not doing so well. English in German schools was mandatory, because Hitler had planned to conquer the world. He was right in believing that English would become the world language. He told us to expect to be relocating to some other part of the world; somehow what I had learned was not working.

My enthusiasm had gradually diminished and much still had to happen to get some kind of footing into this new life. I was beginning to suffer homesickness. Any time someone brought up my family, the tears began streaming across my cheeks remembering my mother begging me to reconsider. It felt like I would never be able to be myself again surrounded by strangers from then on. When my aunt asked me what I wanted to do first, I asked her if we could go to a grocery store. Licorice, bananas and oranges were not available at home.

There was just enough room for three people in my relative's home, but the atmosphere was heavenly. My aunt was a committed Christian and became the light of my life that later brought me to Christ. The woman filled with love, gentleness, and laughter, loved to bake deep fried cookies and other fancies, soon won my heart. She listened to a female preacher who had canaries twitting behind the gracious voice daily. On Sundays my aunt gathered her friends after visiting a little German Lutheran Church. Like a big family, they ate together and discussed the woes of the world. Her joy was scrubbing floors for a rich woman. Instead of money she received the most wonderful hand-me-downs a person could want. Excitedly, she held up her new dress and reassured me that these clothes were coming straight from God. I had to believe her, she was so convincing. This simple little lady wanting for nothing but making her little family happy and pleasing her God made a bigger impression on me than anyone else over the years.

They had one daughter who was preparing to go on a mission to China for the Baptist Church, which probably added to her delight. Impressed with her plans, I asked if I could go to China too, since I had no roots anywhere at this point. Of course that received a strong 'no'. Her daughter, ten years older, had a college education, which had something to do with going on a mission. Since this will be the only discussion about this family, God was faithful to the whole family throughout their lives. My aunt had a very protected life. When her husband died she moved to California and lived with her daughter until it was almost over. She lived to be very old and she always loved her Savior.

My stay in this home was short lived since I had to go to work right away and pay off my debt of \$200. I was eager to send shoes, fabrics and coffee to my family in Germany to cheer them on. My English

## Taming The Lion: 1 Peter 5:8

was not too understandable but with skills in cleaning found work. An authentic Jewish couple from Vienna who had adopted two children, a boy and a crippled little girl, took me in. They treated me like another adopted child rather than a maid. Their apartment on the sixth floor had a baby grand piano in the living room and that is all I needed to feel at home. They took me sightseeing and the children became my English teachers.

Living in, I received \$25 a week. On my one day off I practiced riding the subway, shopping and visiting my aunt to make payments on my bill. In the same room with the children, I began having nightmares. The little crippled girl was getting unfair treatment from her brother. In my sleep I saw her on the potty and lightning had struck her body. A powerful scream that curled everyone's hair was the result. The next day with my final paycheck I was looking for another job.

After a couple of month on the second job, I tried to climb through a venetian blind in a high-rise building hunted by two gunmen from a dream. This led to three jobs in six months. My language had improved enough to change into better paying and more familiar work.

Landing a waitress job at famous sophisticated Schraffts at Times Square was a step up. Getting around trim American women and cute black and white uniforms, I shed fifty pounds to look like the rest.

Schraffts was part of a famous restaurant chain and they had excellent training and were extremely well organized. Sixty waitresses worked on the floor and in the kitchen. Each girl got three tables to serve and extensive training. The money was good because it included food and uniforms. Thrilled to have that kind of opportunity so soon, I worked hard adjusting to their mode.

It wasn't long before my bill was paid. Interested in learning and developing, I signed up in a modeling school on Fifth Ave New York. No inkling of how prestigious that was, I was totally naive of what I was getting myself into. The administrative personnel of the school signed me up. They thought I was photogenic and could use my face for billboards. Exercising, learning how to walk and putting on make-up was effective? In my innocence of seventeen, I had confidence in people that they were honest hardworking folks like my folks at home. Taking it all in, angels were watching all this and had to do something to intervene in their precious way.

My German friend in New York popped up in the German section on 86th Street where he was waiting on tables. He had gotten off the ship the following day with a bunch of drunken sailors, pretending to be a sailor too. There were no customs officers the next day. From there he had visited his uncle in Dover, New Jersey who got scared. Germans had been under pressure and suspicion from the government in the States during the war. His uncle had advised him to turn himself in. Elated, I shared my venture at the Fifth Avenue Modeling School with him and being a few years older and more knowledgeable than I was, he went to the school and told them that he was my brother and that I was under age. He advised them to discharge me from the school, which they did.

My aunt got in touch to tell me that I was subpoenaed to testify in court. It did not take long before I

## Taming The Lion: 1 Peter 5:8

found that my young blond friend from home had turned himself in according to his uncle's advice and during interrogation had told them that he knew me and gave them my address. Barely knowing him in Germany contributed little and they accepted what I said and ordered him to return to Germany. He returned and later tried and succeeded to come back to the United States again and became a U.S. citizen. He kept track of me for a while after I got married and years later my mother found an article that he had written for a magazine about the German war. He had become a stockbroker and had a restaurant in Long Island. Later I realized that we had an opportunity for partnership, but at the time it felt dull to come all the way to the United States to marry someone from back home.

The job at Schraffts had been going well for a few months. My parents had raised me with an attitude that the customer is the highest priority. To my disappointment it did not apply at this restaurant. With sixty waitresses standing in line for their meals and sandwiches, the kitchen rules had the highest priority. We were informed, no exceptions. One of my customers had ordered toast and the cook forgot to put jelly on it. The toast was sitting in front of her getting cold, I ran back into the kitchen to get jelly out of the refrigerator to avoid the line of waitresses. Thinking the manager would see my point; I asked to talk to him unwittingly making every mistake in the book and walked out when he backed up the supervisor with his kitchen rules. Again my beautiful job went, only this time I not only lost my job, but my record had a major blemish. Every time someone called Schraffts for a recommendation they told the prospective employer that I had walked out in the middle of a busy lunch.

In the meantime my sister had also applied for her visa to come over from Germany, also a United States citizen. Papers came together quickly and over the ocean she came. By now a whole year had gone by and frustrated that I might be an old maid, I told my sister and my aunt that I needed to get married. I was just 17 mind you. Since I had no luck getting serious relationships under way, I doubled the workload to get enough money to go back to Germany and marry my middle school sweetheart.

My aunt warned me that it was not natural what I was planning to do. She said that I should let God decide when I should fall in love. I insisted that I was in love and wanted to bring him to New York. After all he had given me his ring with his initials. In reality I was missing my parents and needed some pampering. The hotel New Yorker and a hospital kitchen quickly provided what I needed and with an overseas trunk full of gifts for my family, it was just one year later I headed back across the ocean Christmas 1947.

With open arms and a small beautiful bouquet of lilies my school friend welcomed me in Hamburg. My expectations were sky high. We had been writing to each other and he knew why I was coming. Tearfully, he later confessed what he did not have the nerve to tell me in a letter. He said I would have to wait five years, if I wanted to marry him. He wanted to be professionally well on the way before marriage. He had no intention of leaving Germany. My aunt had been right, I was running ahead of God.

My parents were sitting on the couch looking at their picture albums from New York, when I arrived.

## Taming The Lion: 1 Peter 5:8

What a delight to be home with them once again. My mother cooked all the delicious dishes she could think of to entice me to stay home permanently again. Life had not been the same. In those days a person was an absolute celebrity coming from America. Wearing a few good-looking clothes, people thought I should just take everything off and give it to them. They complained about the way I sat, I was too relaxed and my accent from America must be deliberate to show off. In one year I had become an outsider. This visit broke the strings that were still pulling me back.

A dollar was worth twenty-five marks in 1947 compared to .80 Dollars today. My father had taught us to put money in the bank as youngsters and I had fourteen hundred marks that were worth 10% after devaluation. There were other young men interested in marriage because my father was successful but my parents would not consent to anyone. My visit was to last two months. Scheduled to go back to New York early February, time was running out.

With two weeks remaining, my first cousin suddenly arrived. He was the son of my father's older sister. He had spent many vacations bringing girlfriends to our house and we had become good friends over the years. He was ten years older than I and had been going steady with a young woman for three years planning to get married. My grandfather adored him because he had been on the front lines in the SS, Hitler's elite. No idea what had happened in the SS in 1947 and not aware that my own family was moving me into helping him get out of the country. God was watching over me again.

These men had the magic measurements for Hitler's Aryan race and had to have aristocratic genes. He was good-looking and he filled all the requirements. My mother knew that I liked him, I had confided in her that my prince charming would have to look like him. Walking him back to the train station he suddenly popped the question: "Will you marry me?" I said: "that is impossible as closely related as we are?" I wanted a large family.

There was a family in our hometown in which the parents were first cousins. Every one of their children had problems. One of their sons was over twenty years old and still in a baby buggy needing to be shaved daily. I shuddered at the thought. Under the impression that my cousin had many wounds and scars from combat, I had compassion for him. News about him during the war had been about terrible predicaments on the Russian front during the war. He had not been taken prisoner because he did not have a number tattooed on his arm like the rest. He was sick the day it was done. My gift from God was too much charity and that kept me in constant hot water. It wasn't long before I heard my mouth say: "okay already, I'll help you out." He could not find work. In my heart I was counting on my parents. Surely, they would not agree to this. My father could not turn his sister down who had been widowed young by a gambler who had committed suicide. Needless to say I had inherited my dad's generosity, he was like me and couldn't turn his sister down and I lost.

Wedding plans came together quickly. The family members notified and all was ready to go except the bridal gown. A black ballroom dress became my wedding dress that suited the occasion for all. Every guest looked like they were at a funeral. They whispered: "black is bad luck at a wedding." They all knew the truth. Fool that I was, I thought that this man actually might care for me. The guests were

## Taming The Lion: 1 Peter 5:8

people I had loved and trusted, intimate family members from my mother and father's side. They knew that I was being used to get him out of the country. Just recently I found out that the men of the SS were an Order like the Templars, brainwashed to do what they had to do for Hitler. My family had been lied to about his injuries, he had none.

Four days after the wedding I was back on board alone heading for New York. That marriage lasted all of four days. God prevented that tragedy from happening. I was a very difficult project for Heavenly Father, but because of it, I got to know Him well. Now, married, I was sure men would begin to behave with respect and stop making passes. My plan of getting some protection failed. Now men did not have to worry about the bridal gown and ring. Sexual harassment increased. It was a relief to get off the ship in New York.

By May 1948, my sister and I landed a job in a large hotel near Reading, Pennsylvania and moved there. We were looking forward to a wonderful summer amid vacationers, sunbathing and golfing in the mountains. The hotel was open only during the summer and most of the help lived there around the clock. All the women lived in one building and the men in another. A new level of education was to take place. Raised in a little town where everybody knew each other, homosexuality was unheard of. I barely knew where babies came from. The young men who worked at the hotel giggled about a book they were reading and made the discovery that the barber was homosexual. Next a woman approached me one night while getting ready for bed. I was offended because I did not belong to that group and never would.

We worked three shifts seven days a week. The large trays held a table full of dinners and exhausted after work, the help got together and to dance and play. Very concerned about my sister who was over a year younger, I became her shadow. With the intent of just watching her, we went to a dance on the premises. My goal was to make my new marriage a permanent bond even if it meant going back to Germany. I wanted to live up to my decision to live God's way.

An elderly woman tapped me on the shoulder and said: "you know that young man over there looks so lonely and forlorn, why don't you go and cheer him up and ask him to dance with you?" Being a good little girl I agreed: "I guess there is no harm in that," and waltzed into a calamity that took ten years to come away from. Come to think of it he was in my life from a distance till he died.

Today I realize that God had to use this avenue to keep me from going back to live with a man who had been intensely changed by the Hitler regime and would have presented major problems for a person like myself. On this evening I danced with this man from the hotel, a bellhop, and he would not let me get away. He physically wrestled with me all night. Strong enough to get free, I got away but not for very long. After a few weeks of his pursuits, I told my sister that I wanted to go back to New York and get back home to Germany. I had sent my passport to Washington D.C. for a new permit to go back.

It had become obvious that he was stalking me. Better not try to take a train or bus, I thought. He would probably figure that and be there. My sister informed to send my stuff later, I hitchhiked a ride to New York City.

## Taming The Lion: 1 Peter 5:8

In a one-room kitchenette on the fifth floor on Riverside Drive in New York I felt pretty safe. My sister sent my suitcases and I settled in. A few weeks later, there was a knock on the door. In shock I saw this man standing in the hall asking to come in. He told me that he had no money to go anywhere else, would I please let him in. There was no phone. "How did you find me?" I blurted out. "I hung around your sister until I got your address," he answered. "Now what," I asked him. The only solution I could think of was taking him home to his family in the hope of talking some sense into him. My plan was to go back to Germany to my husband.

His home was in a large colonial house in a little town near Philadelphia. We hitchhiked and he told me that his father was French and his mother Italian and that he had three brothers and a sister. He was the third son. Their family life had been so horrible that he carried a knife in his pocket as a young child to protect his mother. His father would get so mean that he would sometimes break furniture over her back even while pregnant. His mother was a beautiful woman and had married his father, who was twenty years older, at seventeen. Now he was retired from the railroad. Wondering where all the scars in his face came from, they told me that he had made a pass at a married woman and her husband and friends had bound and gagged him and ripped a razor across his face back and forth to teach him.

This young man had been repeatedly beaten with a razor strap and he had left home at fifteen. They were a Catholic family and the father believed in not sparing the rod. Being a mischievous child the young man had been in trouble with his father constantly and ran away, jumped freight trains and finally got too hungry and enlisted at fifteen. He had falsified his birth certificate, placed in the infantry and shipped to the Philippines to participate in live war. One of his favorite stories was about a friend who had a family back home and lost his life right next to him. The young man could never understand why the bullet did not hit him since he was worthless and unmarried. By the time his duty was over, he had a habit of hanging out in bars.

The GI Bill was a real incentive for young people to go to college free and get a home at low interest (4% annually) without down payments. Houses were only around \$10,000 then. He had tried to go to a school for Hollywood actors for a while but did not have the confidence in himself. He often bragged about Charles Bronson who had come from the same school and went to Hollywood.

The young man's family was my downfall. They saw me and now I did not only have one on my case but a whole family. They thought I would be able to make him behave. My passport was still in Washington, D.C. and I was planning to pick it up personally and get on a boat. Four o'clock in the morning I finally had him convinced that I had no intention of marrying anybody else. I was going back to Germany.

"It will take at least six weeks to get on a ship, we have no vacancy till then," shouted the voice on the other end. My heart sank to my knees, somehow I knew, I had lost. He would find me, six weeks was too long.

## Taming The Lion: 1 Peter 5:8

My stuff was stored with a German family in Brooklyn where I had roomed. This family had one son and their hearts desire was to have me for a daughter-in-law. Their son had been dating an Italian girl, to his mother's disappointment. She tried to break that relationship up. The son got so upset with his family that he eventually tried to take gas and kill himself unsuccessfully.

A telegram arrived there from the stalker's brother. "In God's name, hurry back, he is trying to kill himself, won't eat and is completely distraught." The German woman screamed at me, "it's a trick, don't call him!" She had a portrait of me framed behind glass and grabbed it and said: "if you call him, I'll smash this picture into a thousand pieces and we are through." She was serious and the picture hit the floor when I took the phone.

Because I was out of a place to live at that moment, I consented to have the stalker come talk one more time. He came with his big brother to Brooklyn from Philadelphia in an open jeep. The next day I found myself with his mother on one side and this young French/Italian or so I thought, on the other in front of a Methodist pastor, saying "I do," in Trenton, New Jersey. Still under age, the tears flowed. In my heart I knew I had gotten into a fatal situation that would never work, not only was this a major sin against God, 'adultery', but what happened was also illegal. We were not even compatible and fought all the time. This was how a fly must feel when it gets caught in a spider-web. The pastor said to him: "I see you are Catholic, hope you realize, in the eyes of the Catholic Church, you are not married at all?" "I know," he replied, "it doesn't matter."

One of the brothers had purchased the family home on the GI bill and all six young people and two daughter-in-laws and parents lived here for the time being. In a little job at a store, people in conversation about the family I was staying with reassured me that both the mother and father were Italian. Italian heritage was no problem to me, but having been lied to was a problem. Now I was dealing with fear of the police expecting them to find out somehow that I was married to two men.

In touch with my family news soon came that my German husband had been denied entry into the United States. This decision was permanent. His girlfriend out of vengeance had reported his affiliation with the SS stormtroopers. My father went to court for me to get an annulment of the marriage.

Like many American boys, my new husband had been working on an old beautiful "Cord" automobile. He had spent every penny on re-chroming parts for some time. Not understanding what that means to a boy until I had sons and watched them, I agreed when he suggested to sell it. He wanted to find an old car and move to California. That day when a fellow put three hundred dollars in his hand, he loaded all the parts on a trailer, he was probably in trauma for a while, but no one knew it. A man had to be tough and could not show emotions. We did not discuss his Cord ever again.

An old Buick took its place. It had spare tires on the front fenders, cost a \$100 and off to California we

## Taming The Lion: 1 Peter 5:8

went. I had never been on super highways before and those tractor-trailers scared me. We went on the old route 66, two lane then and most people in those days were driving instead of flying.

The scenic changes were fantastic, especially the Painted Desert. There was something special about the wide-open spaces out in the West. It felt like the sky touched the ground. It was so still. The sunsets were glorious and one could see as far as the eye traveled in the desert much like the ocean. Then the majestic, powerful, quiet mountains that felt like they had always been there were awesome.

The car was old and the tires worn out. We had a few blowouts and usually on top of some hairpin road trying to get around a truck. Riding and sleeping in the car twenty-four hours was not conducive to our emotional condition. In Europe respect is built into the system. I could not get used to people's aggressive behavior. It felt like they could do whatever they wanted with a person. There was no restraint. People addressed each other directly in first person. In Germany it took months of courting before a man or a woman could call each other by first names to maintain an air of respect around people.

Bible principles that I could have applied to help the situation were lacking such as forgiveness, or loving your enemy. We get from day to day by forgiving seventy times seven. Instead I was depressed, sulking and wondering how I could still get away. We had nothing in common. By the time we entered Los Angeles, our \$100 was down to just enough to get a little room with gas heat for a week. It was November of 1948. We were in search of some kind of life I thought. Later I found that he was a hobo at heart. He liked going from place to place.

We stayed long enough for me to land a little cafeteria job and work a couple of weeks to get money to go on. There was something about me that softened people's heart. I can't remember once getting turned down for anything in those years. There seemed to be an underlying invisible support that I did not really understand since I was out of bounds where the Ten Commandments were concerned. The teaching I was familiar with at the time: God's love only applies if I lived by the rules. God seemed to be there under any circumstances. My husband had no skills and could not land a job. He claimed the reason was his Italian look. He felt discrimination and could not put it behind himself. It never occurred to him that it might be his incomplete schooling. He had left school at fifteen and had no high school diploma. He had joined the army at age fifteen. I believe he saw too much misery and it broke his spirit. He said many times to be careful not to break people's spirit.

Los Angeles was a small town in the early 1950s and Las Vegas just a street with lots of Neon signs on both sides. People hung around in the parks and got on soapboxes turned upside down and told their woes. Many people were out of work because military personnel brought back to the United States needed jobs. The defense industry had come to a halt. Europe and the Soviet Union battered into oblivion made another war unlikely. They occupied Germany from different directions with Russians, Englishmen and Americans to democratize Europe. The Berlin wall divided Germany at the heart. Russians occupied eastern Germany and American and English soldiers occupied western Germany.

## Taming The Lion: 1 Peter 5:8

My first try to get away only to chicken out, came after a couple of days. On the other side of the world, I knew no one and my husband swore that he loved me and would try to maintain an easier relationship with me. All he had seen in his own family relationships were fights. There was no television in those days and people only had their own families as behavior models. He was under the impression that a man needed to undermine his woman by demeaning her, which is a form of brainwashing. His mother rarely opened her mouth, she just quietly did the cooking for the family and cleaned house. She had never worked outside the home and he insisted that I would not work either. The trouble was, he was not working and we had nothing to eat and no place to sleep. Somehow he could not put the two together that one must earn the money to have sustenance.

In Chicago, icy winds, snow and an old car to sleep in, I tried another escape and again I returned with my head hanging figuring I better wait till we were back in Pennsylvania. I remember the fight we had. I had gotten a waitress job in a restaurant that was on the second floor. It poured rain that night. As I waited on tables and looked out the window he was standing in the rain watching me the whole eight hours. Not knowing what to expect when I came out of the place, I soon found out. He remembered each customer and wanted to know what I had talked about. I could not believe my ears.

My husband's family had moved from Youngstown, Ohio to Philadelphia suburbs and his grandmother still lived in Cleveland. By now it was snowing and we were so broke and hungry. His grandmother was not too happy to have us since she was old with a small income. Upset still with my father-in-law who had stolen her daughter at a tender age of seventeen, she was still angry. She let it be known what she thought of him.

A job advertised in downtown Cleveland, one hundred and five blocks from their house was available. Though I had become a beggar by now, something held me back from asking for a nickel for a bus ride. Walking the hundred and five blocks was the other alternative. It was so cold that I had to stop in little stores to warm up and continue. The job was mine. They put me to work right away, fed me and gave me money to get home.

Big chunks of tires had fallen off the car from the freezing weather. The day came for packing and grandma was glad. In shaking hands she pressed a list of everything we had consumed into her grandson's hand with the hope we would send the money later. I realized then why I had not asked her for a nickel. What she did not know, his favorite motto was: "why have two people worry about a bill, let them worry about it." We did not go back to Philadelphia but went to Brooklyn. We were both miserable. We had traded keepsakes and our personal possessions for gas. He had a beautiful cigarette case someone had given him and people took what we offered because they felt sorry for us. I had my accordion and a suitcase full of embroidered linen, which I considered my hope chest, in the pawnshop more than out. Somehow I always managed to get them back.

We talked an old lady into putting us up in a little flat on the second floor. She pointed to the floor and apologized and promised us a rug. She was so happy to have us. In my heart I knew the woman would not get her rent and my heart broke for these people every time we skipped out.

## Taming The Lion: 1 Peter 5:8

My dad had put so much emphasis on honesty. Our actions were against my grain. My husband left to hunt for a job and my heart did a somersault. Now was my chance to leave. The door locked behind, I got my suitcases together and put my coat on that had a large fox fur collar, opened the window and climbed down the fire escape, suitcases and all. People were gathering down on the street wondering what I was doing. They did not see a fire. Ignoring them, I quickly moved away.

I had found a job with a family where I could live in. It worked for a week and my head got in touch with my heart and I began to realize that I had been wishing for a family. Ties to my husband were beginning to develop in spite of problems and hope had developed that a child would probably shape everything up.

He was very upset. He thought I had tried to commit suicide. They had to break into the room and the curtains were flying around the open window, but there was no body on the ground. This time I was repenting and promising that I would stop the nonsense and try to do better. He was ready to call it quits. When the rug came, it was linoleum and we still laugh about that. We moved back home to his Mom and Dad for a while.

My husband's older brother had attended a private Catholic school and became successful because of it but later left the Catholics. He became involved with Dianetics in the early 1950s now called Scientology. He had severe effects from the processes and became hospitalized for a while. He never discussed it with me. History repeats itself and I touched base with Scientology again many years later.

No one believes me today but my father-in-law read the Bible in front of me. He was in the sixties when we met and reprimanded me for washing clothes on Sundays. He wanted me to abide by the commandments.

Because of the GI Bill, that provided low interest and no down payment, housing projects sprang up nationwide and jobs in construction became plentiful. Three sons out of this family had served in the armed forces, and later the fourth son also joined the air force. My husband started roofing homes and out of that he founded a construction company. His deck was stacked to succeed, this type of construction was new and people were buying homes like hotcakes. God had put an older Jewish man in his circle to advise him how to handle this opportunity. "Stay in low income project homes priced around \$10,000 and mass produce," he told him. I managed to get \$3000 from my sister and repainted and papered the family home from top to bottom to sell it at a good price and received \$3000 from his oldest brother. With that seed money and the GI Bill, we persevered to get a construction loan from a bank.

To my dismay and everyone else's, he started to build a dream home with expensive stonewalls and bay windows and a lot of fancy built-ins. He ran out of money much sooner than expected and some lucky

## Taming The Lion: 1 Peter 5:8

person ended up with the house for half price when auctioned. The subcontractors foreclosed on us and we declared bankruptcy. We stored our furniture with my in-laws since the court didn't want them. To our amazement we could not get them back later.

It took a couple of years to get with child. My womb was like a child's and that happened to many young German women during the war. The natural development of reproductive organs was interrupted from the trauma of war. It made young females temporarily incapable of conceiving. The doctor prescribed hormones. Finally, our first son arrived.

We lived in a little annex on the second floor of a home, one room, kitchen and a shared bathroom. It had an oil heater in the living room. It quit working shortly after the baby arrived. We had to remove the smoke stack. It rained and flooded the place. Baby and I lived in the kitchen. Life was a continuous string of calamities.

Probably every woman thinks she is the only one who has had a child with the first baby. It is such an overwhelming event. I felt like a queen when they laid my tiny new son in my arms. He was so perfect. Every fingernail so beautifully formed and it felt magnificent to have and to hold a brand new little individual all to myself. Someone to wrap your life around, someone that no one could take away and someone to love and take care of. Motherhood was for me a thrill. I wanted to start on another one right away, it felt so right. Fortunately, I was home with my baby around the clock. My personal life was complete. I crocheted little sweaters and embroidered articles for our sweet little baby boy.

Baptism became an issue right away. Our landlord was a practicing Catholic family and they wanted to be godparents. Because my place was under my husband, I wanted to become Catholic so we could start going to church. We did not get to first base since we had not married in a Catholic Church. They told me that I would never be fully acceptable. In my heart I knew there was something wrong with that statement. Already knowing then that somehow I could become 100% under Christ but how that was possible was to be a secret for forty-five more years because of the direction I was drifting into.

That Christ had died for me I understood but did not comprehend what that really meant. Martin Luther had addressed the issue we were struggling with. He recognized marriages if they had been recorded legally and sanctioned them regardless of denomination. Man made rules was causing major internal conflicts that never did get resolved. My husband had no interest in going to church and I had no connection with the church due to my status at the expense of my children's spiritual development. I did the next best thing and read scriptural stories to them. To appease me and make me think that he had an interest, my husband bought religious trinkets for me, which kept me hoping that he would consider coming to church some day.

To go back a bit for a backdrop of what is to follow: during the World War II, Democrat Franklin D. Roosevelt was in power in the United States. His presidential career began in 1932. He took on severe social, economic and political problems. The whole world was in a depression. He started the Social

## Taming The Lion: 1 Peter 5:8

Security Program revolutionizing economic stability and social welfare. Reelected for three more terms, in his fourth term his reform was progressing steadily. He developed a full-blown 'good neighbor' policy and sought first to bulwark its insular security by the Neutrality Act.

The United States strove to stay out of the war in Europe, but after the fall of France in 1940, it drew closer to Great Britain with the issuance of the Atlantic Charter. The Charter is not what drew the U.S. into the conflict. The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941 did. The United States is not allowed to declare war unless it is attacked. It is a known fact that President Roosevelt knew before the attack that it was going to happen and allowed it to happen so he could get into the global conflict to stop Hitler's aggressions. The United States declared war. They became involved in a long hard global conflict.

Many young men went into armed services. President Roosevelt, Winston Churchill and Joseph Stalin were the three Great War leaders. In 1948 President Roosevelt was a key figure in creating the United Nations, a peacekeeping organization. Japanese surrendered in 1945. The war ended ushering in the era of the atomic bomb. Many controls had to be carried out at tremendous financial cost to the people. This caused new developments within the labor class. The next President set up a National Labor Relations Board. President Harry Truman, a moderate liberal, came into office to protect the small man. The next threat was Communism.

Our little family was feeling the effect of the stress the country was experiencing. We were out of work for ten years except a few construction jobs. There was no help from unemployment because he had no employment history and could not get anyone to give him a way of apprenticing to get skills. Social Services had no food stamps or any other help to offer. Because of this nationwide dilemma, my relationship with my husband continued to deteriorate.

The baby had the opposite effect from what I expected. My husband was looking for love and emotional nourishment and I was still harboring resentment of not getting back my life. I had no spiritual understanding of how to overcome that or even deal with it. My parents were still overseas and could not help with advice. My in-laws had their own problems so did other members in the family who had married. I was not a reader and had no idea how to help myself. There were three young newly married couples in the family trying to make it and struggling to survive.

With only radio programming, Christianity was not represented in the media as it is today. Money was very scarce. I got \$15 a week for groceries and incidentals. There was no money for clothing for the baby. God again stepped in again letting me know He was aware of our problems. We got in the car one day and a box containing baby clothes from 1 to 4 years old was sitting on the seat. I never did find out who did it. My sister kept me in clothes. We had moved to a bigger apartment and every month I had to tell the merciful landlord that we just did not have the rent. Our young son was three. Depression was with me, and drinking and hanging out with the boys was with him.

## Taming The Lion: 1 Peter 5:8

Christmas in another little apartment in another year became quite a memory. Waxing the hallway, I was getting ready to celebrate and the tree sat in the living room decorated and lit up. He came home drunk in the middle of the day, terribly upset that I had decorated the tree. He grabbed the bottom of the stem and brought it into horizontal position and threw it through the room down the hall at me. The balls flew and splintered into little pieces and candy slid under the furniture. It became a memory never to be forgotten. Wax from the can landed on the ceiling and walls. We had no money to replace anything and Christmas celebration ended in a puddle of tears.

Disappointments were a daily routine. My controlling my own emotions by being this perfect little wife and mother irritated him. He could not fulfill his end of the bargain. Violent outburst without reason became the norm. The power of the mind remembered from an incident in Germany, began to play into my thoughts. My mind was remembering what happens when goals are set. They call it willpower. Thinking to myself I thought if I think myself sick, I would eventually die and get out of this whole situation. My husband had sexually and verbally abused me since we had met and we were bound up in constant failure experiences for seven years straight. How to help him was totally out of reach and pointing out that something had to change was not helping the issues. Now it was not only for my sake but his son's sake.

My son was three years old when I suddenly began suffering with rheumatic fever. The family doctor had no idea what was wrong with me and told me to stay in bed. The problem started in my foot and began moving through every joint. I had a fever for months and they finally put me into a Catholic hospital. We had no hospitalization. I was in agony with pain. Left for two weeks without a visit from my husband nor the family, the hospital administrators informed me to leave because of the unpaid bill. My in-laws ignored everything. Their family doctor came to see me. The family had told him that they were not planning to take me back. He told them that they had no choice about that. They had a legal responsibility to take me back. The hospital personnel were planning to put me in the street.

God again came to me in the form of a beautiful big bouquet of flowers. A pastor brought it to me. He visited people who had no visitors. So moved was I, that the flowers were never forgotten. Back at my in-laws home, I was in a room on the second floor still bedridden. Full of fever, arms strapped to boards to prevent excruciating pain from movements, God had given me what I had desired. My weight was down to eighty pounds from a hundred and thirty-five pounds, I lay there day after day. My husband came home from work and refused to come up to see me to say hello. My heart broke into millions of pieces. Totally helpless at this point, mercy came from God. This was a most painful lesson from God never to take life for granted again, but to cherish it under any circumstances. .

In secular literature, the general concept of God may be said to be that of an infinite being, often related to as a personality, who is supremely good, who created the world, who knows all and can do all, who is all-knowing. In most Christian's understanding He lived on earth in flesh as Jesus Christ. The biblical emphasis is that He is a triune God. God revealed Himself personally to Israel. There are several famous demonstrations of the existence of God. The argument from the first cause maintains that since in the world every effect has its cause behind it, the first effect in the world must have had its cause; in itself both cause and affect i.e. God.

## Taming The Lion: 1 Peter 5:8

The Cosmological argument maintains that since the world and all that is in it seem to have no necessary or absolute existence, an independent existence (God) must be implied for the world as the explanation of its relations. The theological argument maintains that, since from a comprehensive view of nature and the world everything seems to exist according to a certain great plan, a planner (God) must be postulated. The ontological argument maintains that since the human conception of God is the highest conception humanly possible must have existence as one attribute, God must exist. In my case I was experiencing His love.

In spite of everything since I had left Europe in January of 1947, we had begun paperwork to have the family come back to the United States as soon as my sister and I got a footing in this country. They had lived in Buffalo for seven years, so we knew they could maintain. They knew the language and my father had expertise in the restaurant business that applied anywhere. It had been six years since I had seen them.

After I left Germany, my father still in Germany had built a new Rathskeller on the lake, dug the foundation, laid bricks, roofed it and finished it inside with a fireplace and all by himself. During that construction German money was suddenly devaluated which caused major problems. It was an aftermath of WWII. No sooner did they get a loan going, the refugees came in from Eastern Germany to get away from Communism. The occupying government, in this case English occupation, ordered that every business be given an extra tax to pay to support the refugees. That was the straw that broke the camel's back. My father transferred the place to a refugee allowing a second mortgage for a down payment, which was never paid and eventually lost everything. The Ratskeller later burned to the ground. There is not a trace of my father ever having lived there today.

My family became refugees themselves and moved to southern Germany into the American zone to get jobs. After waiting seven years they suddenly received notification that permission to enter the United States had been granted. When they arrived in New York, my father was age fifty, mother forty-six and two children still living with them. They had fifty dollars between them and their clothes on their backs and suitcases. My sister was still working the hotel near Reading, Pennsylvania and had found a mobile home for them for \$50 a month. It wasn't very long before they came to visit me. They were aghast when they saw the condition I was in and packed me into their vehicle and took me home with them. I had been in bed three months.

My mother cooked wonderful soups and lots of fresh vegetables and I responded to my mother's love like a baby to mother's breast. My father found work right away. My mother had no use for my husband which was understandable. The only advice they had given me was not to marry an Italian because Hitler had brainwashed Germans to remain pure.

Prejudice was not part of my make up and I could not identify with my mother's thinking. My husband started sending long stemmed roses and expensive rhinestone jewelry. My mother warned me not to fall for that and she would talk me out of the jewelry. Then he dared to come visit and created an upset

## Taming The Lion: 1 Peter 5:8

with me, to show them how much control he had over me.

The temperature in the mobile home was over a hundred degrees that did not help and I went into heart failure. They called a country doctor, a very unusual doctor. He brought his own medications, mixed some of it up and gave it to me to make me sweat and told me point blank that he wanted to see me in his office in two weeks. Looking at him like he was crazy and with a weak voice I replied: "there is no way I'll see you in two weeks. I have been in bed for three months." He said: "we'll see," and shut his suitcase and left. Sure enough in two weeks I showed up in his office on my own power and was on my way back to health.

Back to my old weight and happy around my family, my husband came for a visit once again. To avoid another fight I told him to come take a walk with me in the near by woods. Instead of telling him my parent's wish for us to get a divorce, I made love to him. A few weeks later, my mother checked me out and asked me: "you want beer for breakfast?" I said: "yes!" Not a drinker, she knew right then that I was pregnant. In my heart I wanted what God wanted: a father and a mother for my son and to gain that status back, I had allowed him to make love to me again.

Now with my family in the country, hopes were high that my husband's behavior would improve and my family would help support us emotionally for the children's sake at least. The doctor was delighted. He said: "now don't let any doctor talk you out of this baby, you will make it through the pregnancy fine."

My young son had been with my in-laws through this odd deal. He was delighted to have his family back together. My sister was alternating between Reading in the summer and Miami Beach in the winter. She had made excellent money and had real estate investments in West Palm Beach. She told us we could rent her new house and even negotiated a job in construction for my husband. We moved to West Palm Beach.

Sure enough in my fourth month the doctor in Florida stuck me in the hospital for a blood culture. The sedimentation in the blood was so high that he worried I would not make it through delivery. I had a little German Bible my cousin in Brooklyn had given me. I took that with me to the hospital.

Four doctors determined to make me have an abortion, told me that I should never get pregnant again, that my heart was too damaged. I held that Bible in my hand and said: "you are not taking this baby, God has a reason for this." The baby stayed, my health improved with the pregnancy rapidly. The ocean was wonderful therapy. In those days one could still go to the beach freely and enjoy the sun without interruptions. We had no money and no furniture, slept on brand new hardwood floor on blankets but we had a roof. The relationship went well for a while. The separation had made us work a little harder and we were looking forward to the new addition to the family.

## Taming The Lion: 1 Peter 5:8

Two weeks before my second son was due I went into labor barely making it to the hospital and he was delivered. Another eight and a half pound perfect healthy little boy was in my arms. Again the doctor never did get his money because there was none. No diapers for the baby and an empty refrigerator, my sister put some food into it and gave us \$50 for baby things.

In those days hospital stay was a whole week for maternity cases that was a big help for women. The girl next to me in the hospital room whose husband was a garbage collector became my friend. They had bought some swampland, put some horses on it and had built and furnished a house from the collections with the dump truck. They picked through the trash for utensils, furniture, washing machine and lumber and lived in it. They had a bunch of children. We visited after the hospital to compare notes concerning our babies and to my horror my young son sat under the table ate a bottle full of pills without a label. We rushed him to the hospital to get his stomach pumped and all went well.

There was still no regular income and soon we were out of my sister's house and again no place to go with my two children. We had to find another place. This house we rented was boarded up for months, like so many homes of people who came to Florida for the winter. Electricity was off and we had no money to get it turned on. My father had bought me an old Ford. My family had taken a job in Baltimore, Maryland. An old school building with a high wall around it had been developed into a German Club where people came to dance and eat. Business was wonderful. My dad prepared all the old fashioned German dishes.

My husband had a job interview at the Hotel Pennsylvania in West Palm Beach. Frustrated because his shirt could not be ironed, no electricity, we drove to the hotel. One word led to another in the car and suddenly he hauled off full force and backhanded me across the face. My nose hurt for days. The one and only promise I had made to myself was that a man was never going to beat me suddenly took over. Our clothes packed, I went to my friend to borrow \$10 and started driving to Baltimore with my two sons. A job and babysitter was found the next day. Working for my parents on weekends I was paying for a change. A couple of months later working the cash register at the club I lost our third child and was hospitalized again.

My dad again had to move on and took a job in upstate New York. A large resort hotel was waiting for us. The hotel was only open in the summer. My father never told me that he had lost that job in Baltimore over the children and myself. A letter was in his files after he passed away, written by one of the board members of the German club. They had asked for his resignation because his family had moved in with him. My parents had a small apartment on the top floor of this old school building. The activity was not interfering with anyone because no one else lived there.

Little did we realize that God's protective hand was at work again. A few months later the man who had taken the place of my father was found by the furnace cut up in pieces. Someone had broken in and chopped him up. The place was eerie: dark, damp, old, cold with immense broad stone steps leading to the upper floors. I was happy to leave there.

## Taming The Lion: 1 Peter 5:8

The new place was a country club type hotel in the upstate New York hills. They had all kinds of rooms for guests, a bar, dining rooms and an extra large kitchen. People came there to vacation and play golf. We were planning to run it as a family operation; even my sister from Miami was planning to join us with her new husband. My boys landed in the playpen all day and I was on from six am to two A.M. doing the office, the advertising and the bar.

Everyone was on overload with too much to cover and getting more upset by the day and suddenly a family fight broke out. My youngest sister tired of scrubbing floors started running me down and my mother did nothing to stop it. Some tips I had made were the issue; I had put them into a bank account. That had upset her. Quite concerned about my two sons cooped up in the playpen all day caused me to be torn between my children and my family.

It did not take much to realize that it was a no win situation again and was not going to work. The children could not be expected to be tied down in a play pen like that all day. Although I planned to end the marriage, time was not up. We had separated three month ago. Announcing I was going back to my husband, my mother went hysterical. She begged me for the last time to reconsider. Gently I told her that it would not work out over the long haul and that I needed to leave. The issue was about fairness. My sister had started the fight and my mother had supported my sister's complaint. Feeling cornered and helpless, I felt to run was the only alternative open to me.

There was a real effort to cover all bases. My mother finally as a last resort said I would never be allowed to set foot in their home again, if I insisted on leaving. Quickly, I packed up my belongings called my husband in West Palm Beach to get me. Once out of the hotel, I was without a penny to my name and they locked the door behind me and went to the second floor and opened the window. They did not want to be tempted to let me back in. The tips were in a bank account and the bank was closed till Monday and this was Friday. How I got through that weekend, with screaming children, I don't remember. Diapers were washed in the river. We had the car but no food. My husband came without a nickel to his name. On Monday we got the money and went back to West Palm Beach.

Enough to pay a month rent in advance, we moved into a motel in Lake Worth. In the summer renters were hard to get. Again we tried hard to get along and make it all work out. We were four of us. My first son was five by now and my second son a year old. Home with them, we spent all our time together. My husband began talking about hitting it big one of these days.